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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Mary Schweidler, the Amber Witch. The most interesting Trial for Witchcraft ever known. Printed from an imperfect Manuscript by her Father, Abraham Schweidler, the Pastor of Cosrow, in the Island of Usedom. Edited by W. Meinhold, Doctor of Theology, and Pastor, &c. Translated from the German by Lady Duff Gordon. Pp. 171. London, Murray.

WHETHER genuine or invented,* this is a singular tale, exhibiting, amid the simplicity of Pomeranian manners two hundred years ago, not only as much wickedness and cruelty as pertain to any age, but as startling a picture of general superstition and criminal proceedings on accusations of witchcraft as could well be imagined even in the legends of old Germany. The Amber Witch, Mary Schweidler, is the beautiful and innocent daughter of a very credulous parson, whose belief in the magic art is not shaken even by the false charges and deceptive proofs against his child; for though he is well aware that they are impositions, he never doubts the truth of similar facts imputed to a quainting "auld wife" named Lizzie Rolken. The heroine, it would seem, had become an object of desire to a vicious sheriff; and when she refused to yield to his unholy lust, she was brought to trial and condemned to the stake as a witch.

The horrors of the thirty years' war had desolated the island of Usedom before this abominable plot was enacted; and the pastor, his daughter, an attached servant-woman, and the few who were spared of his congregation, were wanderers for refuge, concealed and starving in a mountain near their deserted village. Among other devices to support life, they resolved to set springes for a flock of feldfares flying about among the juniper-bushes and elsewhere; and the account relates,—“I sent old Paasch up to the top of the hill, that he might look around and see how matters stood, but told him to take good care that they did not see him from the village, seeing that the twilight had but just begun. This he promised, and soon returned with the news that about twenty horsemen had galloped out of the village towards the Damerow, but that half the village was in flames. *Item*, he told us that by a wonderful dispensation of God a great number of birds had appeared in the juniper-bushes and elsewhere, and that if we could catch them they would be excellent food for us. I therefore climbed up the hill myself, and having found every thing as he had said, and also perceived that the fire had, by the help of God's mercy, abated in the village; *item*, that my cottage was left standing, far beyond my merits and deserts; I came down again and comforted the people, saying, 'The Lord hath given us a sign, and he will feed us, as he fed the people of Israel in the wilderness; for he has sent us a fine flight of feldfares across the Warren sea, so that they whirr out of every bush as ye come near it. Who will now run down into the village, and cut off the mane and tail of my dead

cow which lies out behind on the common?' (for there was no horsehair in all the village, seeing that the enemy had long since carried off or stabbed all the horses). But no one would go, for fear was stronger even than hunger, till my old Ilse spoke, and said, 'I will go, for I fear nothing when I walk in the ways of God; only give me a good stick.' When old Paasch had lent her his staff, she began to sing, 'God the Father be with us,' and was soon out of sight among the bushes." The cow's tail and mane turn to good purpose in the springe-making line. "But (continues the pastor) our sins stank before the Lord. For old Lizzie, as I afterwards heard, would not eat her birds because she thought them unsavoury, but threw them among the juniper-bushes; whereupon the wrath of the Lord was kindled against us as of old against the people of Israel, and at night we found but seven birds in the snares, and next morning but two. Neither did any raven come again to give us bread. Wherefore I rebuked old Lizzie, and admonished the people to take upon themselves willingly the righteous chastisement of the most high God, to pray without ceasing, to return to their desolate dwellings, and to see whether the all-merciful God would peradventure give them more on the sea. That I also would call upon him with prayer night and day, remaining for a time in the cavern with my daughter and the maid to watch the springes, and see whether his wrath might be turned from us. That they should meanwhile put my manse to rights to the best of their power, seeing that the cold was become very irksome to me. This they promised me, and departed with many sighs."

From this time his feud with Lizzie waxed hotter, and his suspicions of her uncanniness more strong. His daughter is taken ill, and Lizzie's worthy husband secretly brought a pot of good broth as a restorative, "which he had taken off the fire whilst his wife was gone for a moment into the garden. He well knew that his wife would make him pay for it, but that he did not mind, so the young mistress would but drink it, and she would find it salted and all. He would make haste out of the window again, and see that he got home before his wife, that she might not find out where he had been. But my daughter would not touch the broth, which sorely vexed him, so that he set it down on the ground, cursing, and ran out of the room. It was not long before his squint-eyed wife came in at the front door; and when she saw the pot still steaming on the ground, she cried out, 'Thou thief, thou cursed thieving carcass!' and would have flown at the face of my maid. But I threatened her, and told her all that had happened, and that if she would not believe me, she might go into the chamber and look out of the window, whence she might still, belike, see her Goodman running home. This she did; and presently we heard her calling after him, 'Wait, and the devil shall tear off thine arms, only wait till thou art home again!' After this she came back, and, muttering something, took the pot off the ground. I begged her, for the love of God, to spare a little to my child; but she mocked at me, and said, 'You can preach to her as you did to me,'

and walked towards the door with the pot. My child, indeed, besought me to let her go; but I could not help calling after her, 'For the love of God, one good sup, or my poor child must give up the ghost; wilt thou, that at the day of judgment God should have mercy on thee, so shew mercy this day to me and mine.' But she scoffed at us again, and cried out, 'Let her cook herself some bacon,' and went out at the door. I then sent the maid after her with the hour-glass which stood before me on the table, to offer it to her for a good sup out of the pot; but the maid brought it back, saying that she would not have it. Alas, how I wept and sobbed as my poor dying child, with a loud sigh, buried her head again in the moss! Yet the merciful God was more gracious to me than my unbelief had deserved; for when the hard-hearted woman bestowed a little broth on her neighbour old Paasch, he presently brought it to my child, having heard from the maid how it stood with her; and I believe that this broth, under God, alone saved her life, for she raised her head as soon as she had supped it, and was able to go about the house again in an hour. May God reward the good fellow for it! Thus I had some joy in the midst of my trouble. But while I sat by the fire-side in the evening musing on my fate, my grief again broke forth, and I made up my mind to leave my house, and even my cure, and to wander through the wide world with my daughter as a beggar. God knows I had cause enough for it; for now that all my hopes were dashed, seeing that my field was quite ruined, and that the sheriff had become my bitter enemy, moreover that it was five years since I had had a wedding, *item*, but two christenings during the past year, I saw my own and my daughter's death staring me in the face, and no prospect of better times at hand. Our want was increased by the great fears of the congregation; for although by God's wondrous mercy they had already begun to take good draughts of fish both in the sea and the Achterwater, and many of the people in the other villages had already gotten bread, salt, oatmeal, &c., from the Polters and Quatzners of Anklam and Lassan in exchange for their fish; nevertheless, they brought me nothing, fearing lest it might be told at Pudem, and make his lordship ungracious to them."

The attempts of the sheriff to get Mary into his power continue to vex her and her father; and their perplexities are increased by the renewal of bewitchings of another sort—of which the following is a specimen:—

"Meanwhile, however, it so happened, that not long after the sheriff had last been here, witchcraft began in the village. I sat reading with my child the second book of 'Virgilius,' of the fearful destruction of the city of Troy, which was more terrible even than that of our own village, when a cry arose that our old neighbour Zabel his red cow, which he had bought only a few days before, had stretched out all fours, and seemed about to die; and this was the more strange as she had fed heartily but half an hour before. My child was therefore begged to go and pluck three hairs from its tail, and bury them under the threshold of the stall; for it was well known that if this was

* It is stated that the author has acknowledged the tale a fiction, to the discomfiture of a critical clique in Germany.—Ed. L. G.

done by a pure maid, the cow would get better. My child then did as they would have her, seeing that she is the only maid in the whole village (for the others are still children); and the cow got better from that very hour, whereat all the folks were amazed. But it was not long before the same thing befell Withahn her pig, whilst it was feeding heartily. She, too, came running to beg my child for God's sake to take compassion on her, and to do something for her pig, as ill men had bewitched it. Hereupon she had pity on her also; and it did as much good as it had done before. But the woman, who was *gravida*, was straightway taken in labour from the fright; and my child was scarce out of the pigsty when the woman went into her cottage, wailing and holding by the wall, and called together all the women of the neighbourhood, seeing that the proper midwife was dead, as mentioned above; and before long something shot to the ground from under her; and when the women stooped down to pick it up, the devil's imp, which had wings like a bat, flew up off the ground, whizzed and buzzed about the room, and then shot out of the window with a great noise, so that the glass clattered down into the street. When they looked after it, nothing was to be found. Any one may judge for himself what a great noise this made in all the neighbourhood. And the whole village believed that it was no one but old Seden his squint-eyed wife that had brought forth such a devil's brat. But the people soon knew not what to believe. For that woman her cow got the same thing as all the other cows; wherefore she too came lamenting, and begged my daughter to take pity on her as on the rest, and to cure her poor cow, for the love of God. That if she had taken it ill of her that she had said any thing about going into service with the sheriff, she could only say she had done it for the best, &c. *Summa*, she talked over my unhappy child to go and cure her cow. Meanwhile I was on my knees every Sunday before the Lord with the whole congregation, praying that he would not allow the evil one to take from us that which his mercy had once more bestowed upon us after such extreme want; *item*, that he would bring to light the *auctor* of such devilish works, so that he might receive the punishment he deserved. But all was of no avail. For a very few days had passed when the mischief befel Stoffer Zuter his spotted cow, and he too, like all the rest, came running to fetch my daughter; she accordingly went with him, but could do no good, and the beast died under her hands. *Item*, Katy Berow had bought a little pig with the money my daughter had paid her in the winter for spinning, and the poor woman kept it like a child, and let it run about her room. This little pig got the mischief, like all the rest, in the twinkling of an eye; and when my daughter was called, it grew no better, but also died under her hands; whereupon the poor woman made a great outcry, and tore her hair for grief, so that my child was moved to pity her, and promised her another pig next time my son should litter. Meantime another week passed over, during which I went on, together with the whole congregation, to call upon the Lord for his merciful help, but all in vain, when the same thing happened to old wife Seden her little pig. Whereupon she again came running for my daughter with loud outcries; and although my child told her that she must have seen herself that nothing she could do for the cattle cured them any longer, she ceased not to beg and pray her, and to lament till she went forth to do what she could for her with the help of God.

But it was all to no purpose, inasmuch as the little pig died before she left the sty. What think you this devil's whore then did? After she had run screaming through the village, she said that any one might see that my daughter was no longer a maid, else why could she now do no good to the cattle, whereas she had formerly cured them? She supposed my child had lost her maiden honour on the Streckelberg, whither she went so often this spring, and that God only knew who had taken it! But she said no more then, and we did not hear the whole until afterwards. And it is indeed true that my child had often walked on the Streckelberg this spring both with me and also alone, in order to seek for flowers and to look upon the blessed sea, while she recited aloud, as she was wont, such verses out of 'Virgilius' as pleased her best (for whatever she read a few times, that she remembered). Neither did I forbid her to take these walks, for there were no wolves now left on the Streckelberg,—and even if there had been, they always fly before a human creature in the summer season. Howbeit, I forbade her to dig for amber. For as it now lay deep, and we knew not what to do with the earth we threw up, I resolved to tempt the Lord no further, but to wait till my store of money grew very scant before we would dig any more. But my child did not do as I had bidden her, although she had promised she would, and of this her disobedience came all our misery (O blessed Lord, how grave a matter is thy holy fourth commandment!). For as his reverence Johannes Lampius, of Crummin, who visited me this spring, had told me that the cantor of Wolgast wanted to sell the 'Opp. St. Augustini,' and I had said before her that I desired above all things to buy that book, but had not money enough left; she got up in the night without my knowledge to dig for amber, meaning to sell it as best she might at Wolgast, in order secretly to present me with the 'Opp. St. Augustini' on my birthday, which falls on the 28th *mensis Augusti*. She had always covered over the earth she cast up with twigs of fir, whereof there were plenty in the forest, so that no one should perceive anything of it. Meanwhile, however, it befel that the young *nobilis* Rüdiger of Nienkerken came riding one day to gather news of the terrible witchcraft that went on in the village. When I had told him all about it, he shook his head doubtfully, and said he believed that all witchcraft was nothing but lies and deceit; whereat I was struck with great horror, inasmuch as I had hitherto held the young lord to be a wiser man, and now could not but see that he was an atheist. He guessed what my thoughts were, and with a smile he answered me by asking whether I had ever read Johannes Wierus, who would hear nothing of witchcraft, and who argued that all witches were melancholy persons, who only imagined to themselves that they had a *pactum* with the devil; and that to him they seemed more worthy of pity than of punishment? Hereupon I answered, that I had not indeed read any such book (for say, who can read all that fools write?), but that the appearances here and in all other places proved that it was a monstrous error to deny the reality of witchcraft, inasmuch as people might then likewise deny that there were such things as murder, adultery, and theft. But he called my *argumentum* a dilemma; and after he had discoursed a great deal of the devil, all of which I have forgotten, seeing it savoured strangely of heresy, he said he would relate to me a piece of

witchcraft which he himself had seen at Wittenberg. It seems that one morning, as an imperial captain mounted his good charger at the Elstergate in order to review his company, the horse presently began to rage furiously, reared, tossed his head, snorted, kicked, and roared, not as horses use to neigh, but with a sound as though the voice came from a human throat, so that all the folks were amazed, and thought the horse bewitched. It presently threw the captain and crushed his head with its hoof, so that he lay writhing on the ground, and straightway set off at full speed. Hereupon a trooper fired his carbine at the bewitched horse, which fell in the midst of the road, and presently died. That he, Rüdiger, had then drawn near, together with many others, seeing that the colonel had forthwith given orders to the surgeon of the regiment to cut open the horse and see in what state it was inwardly. However, that every thing was quite right, and both the surgeon and army physician testified that the horse was thoroughly sound; whereupon all the people cried out more than ever about witchcraft. Meanwhile he himself (I mean the young *nobilis*) saw a thin smoke coming out from the horse's nostrils, and on stooping down to look what it might be, he drew out a match as long as my finger, which still smouldered, and which some wicked fellow had privately thrust into its nose with a pin. Hereupon all thoughts of witchcraft were at an end, and search was made for the culprit, who was presently found to be no other than the captain's own groom. For, one day that his master had dusted his jacket for him, he swore an oath that he would have his revenge, which indeed the provost-marshal himself had heard as he chanced to be standing in the stable. *Item*, another soldier bore witness that he had seen the fellow cut a piece off the faze not long before he led out his master's horse. And thus, thought the young lord, would it be with all witchcraft if it were sifted to the bottom; like as I myself had seen at Gützkuow, where the devil's apparition turned out to be a cordwainer, and that one day I should own that it was the same sort of thing here in our village. By reason of this speech I liked not the young nobleman from that hour forward, believing him to be an atheist. Though, indeed, afterwards, I have had cause to see that he was in the right, more's the pity; for had it not been for him, what would have become of my daughter?"

She, poor thing, gets the name and repute of a witch throughout the village, and the consternation she creates furnishes details for many curious pages. At length she is apprehended and carried to Pudgla, to be tried by the wicked sheriff. Their journey is a sad one.

"I heard right well," says the pastor, "as we drove away, that many spat out after us, and one said (my child thought it was Berow her voice), 'We would far sooner lay fire under thy coats than pray for thee.' We were still sighing over such words as these, when we came near to the churchyard, and there sat the accursed witch Lizzie Kolken at the door of her house, with her hymn-book in her lap, screeching out at the top of her voice, 'God the Father, dwell with us,' as we drove past her: the which vexed my poor child so sore that she swooned, and fell like one dead upon me. I begged the driver to stop, and called to old Lizzie to bring us a pitcher of water; but she did as though she had not heard me, and went on to sing so that it rang again. Whereupon the constable jumped down, and at my request ran back to my house to fetch a pitcher of water; and he presently came back with it, and the people

after him, who began to say aloud that my child's bad conscience had stricken her, and that she had now betrayed herself. Wherefore I thanked God when she came to life again, and we could leave the village. But at Ukeritze it was just the same, for all the people had flocked together, and were standing on the green before Labahn his house when we went by. Nevertheless they were quiet enough as we drove past, albeit some few cried, 'How can it be, how can it be!' I heard nothing else. But in the forest, near the watermill, the miller and all his men ran out and shouted, laughing, 'Look at the witch, look at the witch!' Whereupon one of the men struck at my poor child with the sack which he held in his hand, so that she turned quite white, and the flour flew all about the coach like a cloud. When I rebuked him, the wicked rogue laughed and said, that if no other smoke than that ever came under her nose, so much the better for her. *Item*, it was worse in Pudgla than even at the mill. The people stood so thick on the hill, before the castle, that we could scarce force our way through, and the sheriff caused the death-bell in the castle-tower to toll as an *avisum*. Whereupon more and more people came running out of the ale-houses and cottages. Some cried out, 'Is that the witch?' Others again, 'Look at the parson's witch! the parson's witch!' and much more, which for very shame I may not write. They scraped up the mud out of the gutter which ran from the castle-kitchen, and threw it upon us: *item*, a great stone, the which struck one of the horses so that it shyed, and belike would have upset the coach had not a man sprung forward and held it in. All this happened before the castle-gates, where the sheriff stood smiling and looking on, with a heron's feather stuck in his grey hat. But so soon as the horse was quiet again, he came to the coach and mocked at my child, saying, 'See, young maid, thou wouldst not come to me, and here thou art nevertheless!' Whereupon she answered, 'Yea, I come; and may you one day come before your judge as I come before you;' whereunto I said, Amen, and asked him how his lordship could answer before God and man for what he had done to a wretched man like myself, and to my child? But he answered, saying, Why had I come with her? And when I told him of the rude people here, *item* of the churlish miller's man, he said that it was not his fault, and threatened the people all around with his fist, for they were making a great noise. Thereupon he commanded my child to get down and to follow him, and went before her into the castle; motioned the constable, who would have gone with them, to stay at the foot of the steps; and began to mount the winding staircase to the upper rooms alone with my child. But she whispered me privately, 'Do not leave me, father;' and I presently followed softly after them. Hearing by their voices in which chamber they were, I laid my ear against the door to listen. And the villain offered to her that if she would love him, naught should harm her, saying he had power to save her from the people; but that if she would not, she should go before the court next day, and she might guess herself how it would fare with her, seeing that he had many witnesses to prove that she had played the wanton with Satan, and had suffered him to kiss her. Hereupon she was silent, and only sobbed, which the arch-rogue took as a good sign, and went on: 'If you have had Satan himself for a sweetheart, you surely may love me.' And he went to her, and would have taken her in his arms, as I perceived; for she gave a loud scream, and flew to the door; but

he held her fast, and begged and threatened as the devil prompted him. I was about to go in when I heard her strike him in the face, saying, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' so that he let her go. Whereupon she ran out at the door so suddenly that she threw me on the ground, and fell upon me with a loud cry. Hereat the sheriff, who had followed her, started, but presently cried out, 'Wait, thou prying parson—I will teach thee to listen!' and ran out and beckoned to the constable who stood on the steps below. He bade him first shut me up in one dungeon, seeing that I was an eavesdropper, and then return and thrust my child into another. But he thought better of it when we had come half-way down the winding-stair, and said he would excuse me this time, and that the constable might let me go, and only lock up my child very fast, and bring the key to him, seeing she was a stubborn person, as he had seen at the very first hearing which he had given her. Hereupon my poor child was torn from me, and I fell in a swoon upon the steps."

By threats of torture and other persecutions, the accused is brought at last to confess the justice and truth of every absurd charge, and is condemned to be burnt as a witch. Her funeral procession to the stake is graphically described; the fate which befel the sheriff; the interference of her young and noble lover (the Satan seen with her when she went amber-digging at night); and the *dénouement*—but surely our readers would not wish us to forestall these romantic circumstances; and all we shall add is, that the tale ends something in the style of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, which is rather queer from the pen of a lady-translator.

Poems. By Frances Anne Butler. Pp. 152. Philadelphia, J. Pennington.

How different the portrait prefixed to the tone of these Poems! Light up the former with more of a smile, and it would be a delicious Bacchante; the latter is all gloom, without one trace of the liveliness so expressive in the countenance and form of the features. The natural feelings, if there be any truth in physiognomy, partake of vivacity rather than of depth; the disposition must have a turn for humour and a spice of satire, rather than incline to the moody melancholy and sadness which besets the pen. We must, however, take the literature of the volume as we find it, and give it the character of great thoughtfulness, a vivid admiration for the beauties of nature, and sentiments of warm affection. There is a yearning after the kind and friendly, and a tenderness of regret upon every cause of interruption in the interchange of such relations, which shew a heart overflowing with fine sympathies, exalted to a certain degree by reciprocity, and chilled to extreme painfulness by the want of it or neglect. Only in one of the poems do we meet with any thing like passion; there is nothing of Sappho in the inspiration (there would have been a higher strain of poetry if there had), and the qualities we have to point out and praise are the powers of description, the occasional spirit in some of the pieces, and the affectionate desire to love and be loved within the sphere of the fair author's existence. Of the most spirited productions the following, after the manner of Campbell's popular ballad, is a good example:

"The Red Indian.

Rest, warrior, rest! thine hour is past,
Thy longest war-whoop, and thy last,
Still rings upon the rushing blast
That o'er thy grave sweeps drearily.

Rest, warrior, rest! thy haughty brow
Beneath the hand of death bends low,
Thy fiery glance is quenched now
In the cold grave's obscurity.

Rest, warrior, rest! thy rising sun
Is set in blood, thy day is done;
Like lightning-dash thy race is run,
And thou art sleeping peacefully.

Rest, warrior, rest! thy foot no more
The boundless forest shall explore,
Or trackless cross the sandy shore,
Or chase the red deer rapidly.

Rest, warrior, rest! thy light canoe,
Like thy choice arrow, swift and true,
Shall part no more the waters blue,
That sparkle round it brilliantly.

Rest, warrior, rest! thine hour is past,
Yon sinking sunbeam is thy last,
And all is silent, save the blast
That o'er thy grave sweeps drearily."

Of the sad and tender, we select the subjoined as specimens:

"Song.

I sing the yellow leaf,
That rustling strews
The wintry path, where grief
Delights to muse.

Spring's early violet, that sweetly ope
Its fragrant leaves to the young morning's kiss,
Type of our youth's fond dreams and cherish'd hope,
Will soon be this:

A sere and yellow leaf,
That rustling strews
The wintry path, where grief
Delights to muse.

The summer's rose, in whose rich hues we read
Pleasure's gay bloom, and love's enchanting bliss,
And glory's laurel, waving o'er the dead,
Will soon be this:

A sere and yellow leaf,
That rustling strews
The wintry path, where grief
Delights to muse."

The "Vision of Life" is one of the most imaginative pieces in the volume; and we beg to direct attention to it, whilst we copy a shorter production, which is very charming, though founded on an erroneous dictum of the late P.R.A.:

"Sonnet.

Suggested by Sir Thomas Lawrence observing that we
never dream of ourselves younger than we are.

Not in our dreams, not even in our dreams,
May we return to that sweet land of youth,
That home of hope, of innocence, and truth,
Which as we farther roam but fairer seem!
In that dim shadowy world, where the soul strays
When she has laid her mortal charge to rest,
We oft behold far future hours and days,
But ne'er live o'er the past, the happiest.
How oft will fancy's wild imaginings
Bear us in sleep to times and words unseen;
But, ah! not e'en unfetter'd fancy's wings
Can lead us back to aught that we have been,
Or waft us to that smiling, sunny shore,
Which e'en in slumber we may tread no more!"

Our next is an affecting thought prettily
verified:

"Lines for Music.

Loud Wind, strong Wind, where art thou blowing?—
Into the air, the voiceless air,
To be lost there;
There am I blowing.

Clear Wave, swift Wave, where art thou flowing?—
Unto the sea, the boundless sea,
To be whelm'd there;
There am I flowing.

Young Life, swift Life, where art thou going?—
Down to the grave, the loathsome grave,
To moulder there;
There am I going."

The "Parting" (p. 85) is also a sweet performance, though it provokes a laugh by the whimsical clashing of the two words with which it concludes.

"The beauty of the summer woods
Lay rustling round our feet,
And all fair things had pass'd away—
'Twas an hour for parting meet."

It would be an injustice in us not to add to these brief illustrations of a muse so constitutionally sombre that sole example to which we

have alluded, and in which the fire of passion darts a ray athwart the prevailing clouds.

"Sonnet.

There's not a fibre in my trembling frame
That does not vibrate when thy step draws near;
There's not a pulse that throbs not when I hear
Thy voice, thy breathing, nay, thy very name.
When thou art with me every sense seems dull,
And all I am, or know, or feel, is thee;
My soul grows faint, my veins run liquid flame,
And my bewild'ring spirit seems to swim
In eddying whirls of passion dizzily.
When thou art gone there creeps into my heart
A cold and bitter consciousness of pain:
The light, the warmth of life, with thee depart,
And I sit dreaming o'er and o'er again
Thy greeting clasp, thy parting look, and tone,
And suddenly I wake, and am alone."

With the alteration of a few words—the polishing away of the two "nots" in the third line—this would be a perfect sonnet. It is the genius of the work; which has, however, a multitude of graces and various merits to recommend it to a cordial public reception.

Walks in the Country. By Lord Leigh. Pp. 171. London, E. Moxon.

THE poetical feeling of Lord Leigh, fed by much reading and cultivated with a thoughtfulness on passing events, has been evinced in several volumes like the present, and acknowledged by the public. Many of the themes on which his lordship exercises his talent do not seem to offer much scope for poetry; and others are of a political cast, which does not challenge repetition in our literary page. In the former the amiable, and in the latter the sensible, prevails; and there is in all a love of nature and a moral influence calculated to do good, though not wrought up to high imagery or enthusiasm. Lord Leigh keeps to the plains, and leaves the peaks of Parnassus to more adventurous climbers. Such being the case, we shall only select two quotations; the first from "A Day in Autumn," which displays the author, with a spice of satire, as a friend of the agricultural labourer:

"Heaven speed the plough! Oh, on his natal soil
May the bold husbandman ne'er vainly toil:
Long may the cheering voice of praise impel
His work, with honest pride his bosom swell,
All charms with which our social life is graced,
Varied enjoyments, to the plough are traced.
Homaged by science, Ceres waves her wand,
And lo! exuberant crops adorn the land.
Her foison to increase inventive skill
Creates improvements yearly—ever will.
And learned chemists generously impart
To tillers of the earth their secret art,
In what proportion clay with sand to mix,
And hox ammonia volatile to fix.

Now statesmen strive each other to surpass
In speaking on guano, stock, and grass;
And tell you, with their calculations sure,
What weight of turnips gives some pet manure,
And farmers wonder how that minds immersed
In state affairs in farm-craft are so versed."

A brief poem on "The Millennium" affords a fair example of playful humour.

"When prefects shall with equal measure mete
Justice to all, plebeian or elite;
When France shall be ingenious, nor pretend
A zeal for national honour as the end
Of pacha-loving policy, and feel
A love—new-born indeed—for Europe's weal;
When men shall individually become
That which they laud collectively at home;
When schoolmen fallible, who deprecate
Infallibility in those they hate,
Shall cease of language to assume a tone
Imperative, that suits a pope alone;
When authors without bias truth shall woo,
And having won, support her nobly too;
When Poland shall be integral and free,
Then saints may the millennium hope to see."

Vigilantius and his Times. By W. S. Gilly, D.D., Canon of Durham, and Vicar of Northam. 8vo, pp. 488. London, Seeley and Co.

THE high estimation in which the Protestant

writings of Dr. Gilly are held is witnessed by the numerous editions of "Our Protestant Fathers," "Excursions to the Mountains of Piedmont," "Felix Neef," and other works, all deeply imbued with the same spirit, and devoted to the cause of that faith of which the author is so distinguished a teacher. Nor will the present volume detract from his reputation. It gives a striking account of the fourth century, and of the principal fathers of the Christian church belonging to that epoch, through and by whom Dr. Gilly states the worship of saints and images, pagan rites, and other corruptions, were engrafted upon the pure Christianity of the apostles and Scripture. Martin of Tours is treated as an impostor, or crazy enthusiast; but the chief derelictions from the truth are attributed to Paulinus of Nola, whose innovations led the Latin church into all its idolatrous and heathen practices. From beginning as fanatics, Dr. Gilly imputes to the most renowned Saints of this era that they became deceivers, and hence sprung the thousands of pious frauds and lying legends which have descended to our day. He looks upon Vigilantius as a first reformer, and refers largely to his writings, as well as to the writings of Saints Martin, Jerome, Augustine, Paulinus, &c.—describes the residences of Paulinus at Nola and Jerome at Bethlehem—discusses the polemical disputes and discords which raged in the theological world—and, in fine, not only instructs us as to the Christian character of this century, but, incidentally, contributes much to our amusement by the views of general manners and modes of living. Upon the whole it is a very interesting work.

Commerce of the Prairies: or the Journal of a Santa Fé Trader during Eight Expeditions across the great Western Prairies, and a Residence of nearly Nine Years in Northern Mexico. By J. Gregg. 2 vols. New York, H. G. Langley; London, Wiley and Putnam.

PREVIOUSLY to noticing the most novel features in the publication sufficiently described in the foregoing title-page, we may as well state what the Prairies are. They occupy the whole of that "extensive territory lying between the spurs of the Rocky Mountains on the north, and the rivers of Texas on the south—a distance of some seven or eight hundred miles in one direction; and from the frontiers of Missouri and Arkansas on the east to the eastern branches of the southern Rocky Mountains on the west—about six hundred miles in the transverse direction: the whole comprising an area of about 400,000 square miles, some 30,000 of which are within the original limits of Texas, and 70,000 in those of New Mexico (if we extend them east to the United States boundary), leaving about 300,000 in the territory of the United States. This vast territory is not interrupted by any important mountainous elevations, except along the borders of the great western sierras, and by some low, craggy ridges about the Arkansas frontier—skirts of the Ozark mountains. There is, it is true, high on the dividing ridge between Red River and the False Washita, a range of hills, the south-western portion of which extends about to the 100th degree of longitude west from Greenwich; that is, to the United States boundary-line. These are generally called the Wichita mountains, but sometimes *Tonyash* by hunters, perhaps from *tóyavist*, the Comanche word for mountain. I inquired once of a Comanche Indian how his nation designated this range of mountains which was then in sight of us. He answered, '*Tóyavist*.' But this simply means a mountain," I replied; 'how do you

distinguish this from any other mountain?' 'There are no other mountains in the Comanche territory,' he rejoined—'none till we go east to your country, or south to Texas, or west to the land of the Mexican.' With these exceptions, there are scarcely any elevations throughout these immense plains which should be dignified by the title of mountains."

Such is the country over which our author—being reduced by ill health to such a condition that he could hardly walk across his room—set out to travel with the Santa-Fé caravan in 1831, and continued to traverse with renewed vigour during the period specified. His journal does not make us acquainted with new facts of much importance, but is chiefly a repetition of alarms, encampments, hunting, marches, meetings, and occasional conflicts with hostile Indians. The trade with Santa-Fé, from the Missouri territory across these vast plains, began soon after the present century, and is carried on by numerous caravans, as in Asia. Its commencement was attended with the too usual accompaniment of accidents, cruelties, murders, and other calamities, which, though decreased in frequency, have never entirely disappeared; and the disturbed state of Texas, Mexico, and the United States' far-west frontiers, does not promise any immediate or probable termination.

In his preface Mr. Gregg says:—

"During the years 1841 and 1842, I contributed a number of letters, upon the history and condition of the Santa-Fé trade, &c., to the *Galveston 'Daily Advertiser'* and the *'Arkansas Intelligencer,'* under the signatures of 'J. G.' and 'G.,' portions of which I have had occasion to insert in the present volumes. In Captain Marryat's recent work, entitled '*Monsieur Violet*,' I was not a little annoyed (when I presume I ought to have been flattered) to find large portions of this correspondence copied, much of it verbatim, without the slightest intimation or acknowledgment whatever of the source from whence they were procured. The public are already so familiar with the long series of literary larcenies of which that famous work was the product, that I should not have presumed to emphasise my own grievance at all here, but that the appearance of the same material, frequently in the same words, in these volumes, might, unless accompanied by some explanation, expose me to a charge of plagiarism myself, among those who may never have seen my original letters, or who are not yet aware that '*Monsieur Violet*' was an offering which had evidently been intended for the altar of Mercury, rather than of Minerva."

It would appear that there are few so poor as to be altogether unworthy of plundering; since with all our care we can find nothing else worthy of extracting from these volumes than the following brief notices. The expeditions being without interpreters to explain their specific objects to the wild tribes of Indians, whom they encountered, has been the fruitful cause of barbarities such as are here described.

"Two young men, named M'Nees and Monroe, having carelessly lain down to sleep on the banks of a stream, since known as M'Nees's creek, were barbarously shot, with their own guns, as it was supposed, in very sight of the caravan. When their comrades came up, they found M'Nees lifeless, and the other almost expiring. In this state the latter was carried nearly forty miles to the Cimarron river, where he died, and was buried according to the custom of the Prairies. Just as the funeral ceremonies were about to be concluded, six or seven Indians appeared on the opposite side of the Cimarron. Some of the party proposed inviting them to a parley, while

the rest, burning for revenge, evinced a desire to fire upon them at once. It is more than probable, however, that the Indians were not only innocent but ignorant of the outrage that had been committed, or they would hardly have ventured to approach the caravan. Being quick of perception, they very soon saw the belligerent attitude assumed by some of the company, and therefore wheeled round and attempted to escape. One shot was fired, which wounded a horse and brought the Indian to the ground, when he was instantly riddled with balls! Almost simultaneously another discharge of several guns followed, by which all the rest were either killed or mortally wounded, except one, who escaped to bear to his tribe the news of their dreadful catastrophe! These wanton cruelties had a most disastrous effect upon the prospects of the trade; for the exasperated children of the desert became more and more hostile to the 'pale faces,' against whom they continued to wage a cruel war for many successive years. In fact, this same party suffered very severely a few days afterwards. They were pursued by the enraged comrades of the slain savages to the Arkansas river, where they were robbed of nearly a thousand head of mules and horses. But the Indians were not yet satisfied. Having beset a company of about twenty men, who followed shortly after, they killed one of their number, and subsequently took from them all the animals they had in their possession. The unfortunate band were now not only compelled to advance on foot, but were even constrained to carry nearly a thousand dollars each upon their backs to the Arkansas river, where it was cached (concealed in the ground) till a conveyance was procured to transfer it to the United States. Such repeated and daring outrages induced the traders to petition the federal government for an escort of United States troops. The request having been granted, Major Riley, with three companies of infantry and one of riflemen, was ordered to accompany the caravan which left in the spring of 1829, as far as Chouteau's island on the Arkansas river. Here the escort stopped, and the traders pursued their journey through the sand-hills beyond. They had hardly advanced six or seven miles, when a startling incident occurred, which made them wish once more for the company of the gallant major and his well-disciplined troops. A vanguard of three men, riding a few hundred yards ahead, had just dismounted for the purpose of satisfying their thirst, when a band of Kiawas, one of the most savage tribes that infest the western prairies, rushed upon them from the immense hillocks of sand which lay scattered in all directions. The three men sprang upon their animals, but two only who had horses were enabled to make their escape to the wagons; the third, a Mr. Lamme, who was unfortunately mounted upon a mule, was overtaken, slain, and scalped, before any one could come to his assistance. Somewhat alarmed at the boldness of the Indians, the traders despatched an express to Major Riley, who immediately ordered his tents to be struck; and such was the rapidity of his movements, that when he appeared before the anxious caravan every one was lost in astonishment. The reinforcement having arrived in the night, the enemy could have obtained no knowledge of the fact, and would no doubt have renewed the attack in the morning, when they would have received a wholesome lesson from the troops, had not the *revue* been sounded through mistake, at which they precipitately retreated. The escort now continued with the company as far as Sand creek, when, perceiving no further signs of

danger, they returned to the Arkansas, to await the return of the caravan in the ensuing fall."

Again, speaking of the Comanches, Mr. G. says:—

"There was once a celebrated chief called Juan José at the head of this tribe, whose extreme cunning and audacity caused his name to be dreaded throughout the country. What contributed more than anything else to render him a dangerous enemy, was the fact of his having received a liberal education at Chihuahua, which enabled him, when he afterwards rejoined his tribe, to outwit his pursuers, and, by robbing the mails, to acquire timely information of every expedition that was set on foot against him. The following account of the massacre in which he fell may not be altogether uninteresting to the reader. The government of Sonora, desirous to make some efforts to check the depredations of the Apaches, issued a proclamation, giving a sort of *carte blanche* patent of 'marque and reprisal,' and declaring all the booty that might be taken from the savages to be the rightful property of the captors. Accordingly, in the spring of 1837, a party of some twenty men, composed chiefly of foreigners, spurred on by the love of gain, and never doubting but the Indians, after so many years of successful robberies, must be possessed of a vast amount of property, set out with an American as their commander, who had long resided in the country. In a few days they reached a *rancheria* of about fifty warriors with their families, among whom was the famous Juan José himself, and three other principal chiefs. On seeing the Americans advance, the former at once gave them to understand, that, if they had come to fight, they were ready to accommodate them; but on being assured by the leader, that they were merely bent on a trading expedition, a friendly interview was immediately established between the parties. The American captain having determined to put these obnoxious chiefs to death under any circumstances, soon caused a little field-piece which had been concealed from the Indians to be loaded with chain and canister shot, and to be held in readiness for use. The warriors were then invited to the camp to receive a present of flour, which was placed within range of the cannon. While they were occupied in dividing the contents of the bag, they were fired upon, and a considerable number of their party killed on the spot! The remainder were then attacked with small arms, and about twenty slain, including Juan José and the other chiefs. Those who escaped became afterwards their own avengers in a manner which proved terribly disastrous to another party of Americans, who happened at the time to be trapping on Rio Gila not far distant. The enraged savages resolved to take summary vengeance upon these unfortunate trappers; and falling upon them, massacred them every one! They were in all, including several Mexicans, about fifteen in number. The projector of this scheme had probably been under the impression that treachery was justifiable against a treacherous enemy. He also believed, no doubt, that the act would be highly commended by the Mexicans, who had suffered so much from the depredations of these notorious chiefs. But in this he was sadly mistaken; for the affair was received with general reprehension, although the Mexicans had been guilty of similar deeds themselves, as the following brief episode will sufficiently shew. In the summer of 1839, a few Apache prisoners, among whom was the wife of a distinguished chief, were confined in the calabozo of

Paso del Norte. The bereaved chief, hearing of their captivity, collected a band of about sixty warriors, and, boldly entering the town, demanded the release of his consort and friends. The commandant of the place wishing to gain time, desired them to return the next morning, when their request would be granted. During the night the forces of the country were concentrated; notwithstanding, when the Apaches reappeared, the troops did not shew their faces, but remained concealed, while the Mexican commandant strove to beguile the Indians into the prison, under pretence of delivering to them their friends. The unsuspecting chief and twenty others were entrapped in this manner, and treacherously despatched in cold blood; not, however, without some loss to the Mexicans, who had four or five of their men killed in the fracas. Among these was the commandant himself, who had no sooner given the word, "*¡Maten á los carajos!*" (kill the scoundrels!) than the chief retorted, "*¡Entonces morirás tu primero, carajo!*" (then you shall die first, carajo!) and immediately stabbed him to the heart!

[To be concluded in our next No.]

Sequel to Homœopathy unmasked; being a farther Exposure of Hahnemann and his Doctrines, in a Reply to recent anonymous Pamphlets. By A. Wood, M.D., &c. &c. Pp. 90. Edinburgh, Menzies.

Dr. Wood has, as might have been expected, drawn a hornet's nest about his ears by his attack upon the homœopaths. Their minds seem, indeed, to be as sensitive to remarks as their bodies are to medicine,—the smallest doses of either being sufficient to produce great results. What must the author have had to suffer, if even we ourselves have come in for our share for only reviewing his book! A person who subscribes himself "a constant reader for a quarter of a century" is exceedingly annoyed at our favourable notice of Dr. Wood's work, which he states to be full of disgraceful blunders, and bad translations from the French. This is very hard upon us, who have favourably reviewed within this last year—Newman on Homœopathy, the Homœopathic Journal, Lee on Homœopathy, Brookes on Homœopathy, and many smaller works, and no opponent of the doctrine has risen up against us; but the moment we ventured to notice a book attacking it, we excited the hostility of a reader of "a quarter of a century."

Our respected correspondent, it appears, does not care about the *small* doses; he says it has nothing to do with the principle of *similia similibus*. This is not exactly what we are taught by the writers in the *Homœopathic Journal*. He then says, "that these medicines should not be applicable in cases of poisoning, has nothing to do with the matter—these are not diseases, and mechanical means must be resorted to, the stomach-pump," &c. If poison does not produce disease—that is to say, derangement of the healthy functions—we do not know why the stomach-pump should be used in their case; but the fact is, that such things as chemical antidotes exist to many poisons; and if it requires in the laboratory a certain quantity of alkali to neutralise a certain quantity of acid, so it would be expected that a similar quantity would be required in the stomach. For the same reason, it never could be expected that an infinitesimal or homœopathic dose of chalk would relieve poisoning by oxalic acid, or a similar dose of starch poisoning by salts of iodine. Hence, if the homœo-

pathic treatment fails in such an emergency, how can we place confidence in it in other cases, where its positive inefficiency is less easily demonstrated? As to the defence of homœopathy our correspondent alludes to, we may well be excused not having noticed it, as it has not been sent in to us, or the writer is wrong in supposing we would not willingly have put our notice of the two together. Our only wish is truth and the benefit of our fellow-creatures. As to the writer's attacks upon the profession generally, we can only say, that if we used *similia similibus*, or the same language that is made use of by our correspondent, we should deserve the unpleasant controversy unwillingly brought upon us. Let the writer remember, that it is a serious thing to trifle with a life that is entrusted to your care; and that it is not because he is satisfied that a millionth part of a grain will do, that every medical man called to the bedside of a suffering patient is to forego his experience of the action of medicines (that two grains of ipecacuanha, for example, act as a stimulant, fifteen as an emetic), and when the case demands an immediate emetic, exhibit a fraction of a grain! The writer is wrong in saying, that medical men dare not give a patient hearing to homœopathy. The reviewer himself has travelled with a German homœopathic physician of some celebrity, who, when sick, was glad to avail himself of the allopathic treatment, after in vain combating with the disease after Hahnemann's system.

BURKE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

[Second notice.]

To his Quaker friend, Shackleton, who shared so much of his regard during life, he writes in the following style, and gives the first intimation of the purchase of his future residence at Beconsfield. The hint on idleness is one of those happy strokes so often found in his writings:

"My dear Shackleton,—I thank you heartily for your letter, and even for the reproaches which it contains. They are, when of that kind, very sure, and not the most unpleasant, indications of a real affection. Indeed, my neglect of writing is by no means justifiable, and does not stand well in my own opinion; but I am sorry to say it, I have never been quite correct and finished in my style of life; and I fear I never shall. However, if I keep the principal parts tolerably right, I shall, I hope, meet pardon, if not something more, from such friends as it is the great blessing of my life to have had in every stage of it. As to the neglects of one who is but too much my brother, I have nothing to say for him. He may write himself, if he pleases; and he has nothing to prevent him but too much idleness, which I have observed fills up a man's time much more completely, and leaves him less his own master, than any sort of employment whatsoever. I am much obliged to Mr. Beauchamp for his kind opinion of me, and to your partial representations as the cause of it. I am willing to do my best to forward Dr. Dunkin's subscription. You may easily believe that your wishing well to it will be sufficient to engage my endeavours (as far as they can go) without any further inducement. But Dunkin deserved some rank among the poets of our time and country; and I agree with you in thinking his son an ingenious and worthy man. I cannot, I fear, do a great deal. I am always ready to subscribe myself, and, perhaps, in general, too ready to put forward subscriptions, which weakens my interest when

I want to use it on some extraordinary occasions. I don't say this as in the least declining the business you recommended; for I will certainly do all I can. I know your kindness makes you wish now and then to hear of my situation. As to myself, I am, by the very singular kindness of some friends, in a way very agreeable to me. Again elected on the same interest, I have made a push, with all I could collect of my own, and the aid of my friends, to cast a little root in this country. I have purchased a house, with an estate of about six hundred acres of land, in Buckinghamshire, twenty-four miles from London, where I now am. It is a place exceedingly pleasant; and I propose (God willing) to become a farmer in good earnest. You, who are classical, will not be displeased to hear that it was formerly the seat of Waller the poet, whose house, or part of it, makes at present the farm-house within an hundred yards of me. When you take a journey to England, you are obliged, by tenure, to come and pay due homage to the capital seat of your once favourite poet. I am glad to find my venerable old friend, your father, still preserves his health, and the even tenour of his mind. At her age, no friend could have hoped for your mother any thing but the Euthanasia; and in such circumstances it must have been a great comfort to you that she had it so perfectly. Mrs. Burke preserves an affectionate and grateful memory of Mrs. Shackleton's kindness to her when she was in Ireland, and joins us all in the heartiest salutations to you both.—Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me most sincerely yours,
E. BURKE."

The question as to his being Junius occupies several letters; for the impression of his authorship was general even among some stanch friends. Charles Townshend (brother to Tommy, so well known in Goldsmith's poem, and who is also called so by Burke in these letters) writes to him on the point: he rejoins in denial; writes to Bishop Markham to disabuse Lord Mansfield of that impression; Charles Townshend writes again, implying that the former denial in the eyes of some persons was not full enough. To this Burke gives his final answer, November 24, 1771:

"Dear sir,—I received your letter at the proper time, but delayed my answer to it until I had twice consulted my pillow. Surely my situation is a little vexatious, and not a little singular. I am, it seems, called upon to disown the libels in which I am myself satirised as well as others. If I give no denial, things are fixed upon me which are not, on many accounts, very honourable to me. If I deny, it seems to be giving satisfaction to those to whom I owe none and intend none. In this perplexity all I can do is, to satisfy you, and to leave you to satisfy those whom you think worthy of being informed. I have, I dare say, to nine-tenths of my acquaintance, denied my being the author of 'Junius,' or having any knowledge of the author, as often as the thing was mentioned, whether in jest or earnest, in style of disapprobation or of compliment. Perhaps I may have omitted to do so to you, in any formal manner, as not supposing you to have any suspicion of me. I now give you my word and honour that I am not the author of 'Junius,' and that I know not the author of that paper, and I do authorise you to say so. This will, I suppose, be enough, without shewing my letter, which might have the air of being written for the satisfaction of other persons than I mean to give it to. I wish the satisfaction of fair or friendly men; it would be vain to look to others. Most heartily I thank you for your friendly

attention, and your good news; and am, with great truth and affection, &c.

"EDM. BURKE."

Until we read this varied correspondence, we were not quite so sure that Burke possessed all that humility with regard to his own position, talents, and acquirements, for which Prior, too much in the fashion of all biographers, gives him credit. We are bound to say, however, that we find many instances of the fact here. One correspondent condemns his opinions, another his sentiments, a third his party, a fourth his assumption or presumption, a fifth his ardour, a sixth his manner, while Shackleton at an early period, and Sir Philip Francis as late as 1791, unite to abuse his style of writing in good set terms. To all these the orator replies most civilly,—we had almost said humbly; and yet with such an inward consciousness of his vast superiority over his critics, that the reader feels it at once in the matter at least, if not in the manner. But one of the most extraordinary private attacks upon him seems to have come from Bishop, afterwards Archbishop, Markham—an old friend, for whom he had great respect, and who, perhaps from the familiarity he may have thought warranted by that character, uses a freedom, or indeed insolence, of which we do not remember an example among friends. The letter of attack has not been discovered; but the editors give us a draft of the reply, in which some of the offensive terms are quoted. At this time the ministerial writers abused him daily in the most unmeasured terms; and, as the supposed author of "Junius," even persons of rank and station hated him most cordially, and were at so little pains to moderate or conceal their opinions, that this may have induced the bishop to proceed to the lengths he did. Their date was 1771; and the reply thus begins:—

"My lord,—When your lordship is pleased so severely to censure almost every part of my conduct and character, I should be without all comfort if my conscience did not as clearly acquit as you have decisively condemned me. I assure you I wish to stand well in your opinion, and do not even now easily reconcile myself to the loss of it. I will therefore, my lord, first endeavour to clear myself of that great and prolific fault, the source of so many others, with which your lordship charges me—the 'not bearing to receive instruction from my friends, and not being able to distinguish admonition from reproach.' My lord, when your lordship informs me (using what you tell me is 'the language of the world,' and adopting that supposed language,) 'that such arrogance in a man of my condition is intolerable,' your phrase does, to my poor understanding, imply some contempt of my condition, and a very ill opinion of my temper and character; and therefore might pass, with a man professing no better than mere human feelings, as reviling, rather than advice. I say nothing of the term of 'ridiculous folly,' and that suppressed epithet which is so very easily supplied, and can be supplied by none but a very offensive term. These, my lord, and some other expressions, together with a general sweeping censure of my whole conduct, might well make me consider your lordship's letter as designed to mortify, not to instruct me. The former effect, whether you intended it or not, it did most perfectly accomplish."

A little further on, the words addressed to him were, "to bring down the aim of his ambition to a lower level, and not to look at an office." Again, he is accused of "jeune, puerile, inconclusive, disjointed reasoning;" and

that his good opinion of Lord Mansfield is "very contemptible in the possession, or so very ridiculous in the loss." In another place his house is called a "hole of adders;" the measures of his party, "in which he had been so forward to take a lead, as running the extreme line of wickedness;" its members, "as persons who first used their sovereign basely, and then sought their justification in slandering his character;" and he is personally charged with "ill-treating some of the highest people in the kingdom;" with not having sufficiently "distinguished himself from useless declaimers, who are valued only for bear-garden talents;" that the world had received an "impression of him as a man capable of things dangerous and desperate;" that in going into the House of Commons, "he entered like a wolf into a fold of lambs—now snapped at one, and now at another;" with much more of the same, certainly very familiar, counsel. It gives us a high idea of Burke's humility or placability that he did not afterwards cut such a singular friend.

One of his strongest admirers was the Duke of Richmond, from whom many epistolary testimonies of regard were received; he invites him much to Goodwood, asks him to sit for his picture; and in the following admits that he has more merit than any other in keeping the party together:—

"My dear Burke,—Your letter came very safely to me by the coach; and, enclosed, I return Lord Rockingham's to you. I entirely agree with you, that the measure of secession should be entered into unanimously and with spirit, otherwise it is worse than the most tame inactivity; and therefore, as many of our friends are against it, I shall give up my opinion; and I do it with the more ease, because, I confess, I think our affairs are in so very bad a condition that we can expect no good to arise from any measures we pursue, and therefore it becomes a matter of mere indifference whether what we do is a little more or less wise. Now I am upon this subject, I will mention a reflection that I have made. You know I pass in the world for very obstinate, wrong-headed, and tenacious of my opinions. Now (as it is not uncommon in such cases) I think I am the very reverse. I do not mean to say that I always judge right; but I do think that, upon some very material questions, I did judge more right than those whose opinions were followed; and I do think that, far from being tenacious, I do give up my opinion to that of my friends much too often. Had my opinion of taking administration by ourselves, when our negotiation with Bedford House broke off in 1766 (or 1767, I forget which year), been followed, things would have been very different from what they are at present. The idea of seceding after the Middlesex election was yours; but I agreed in it much, and I am sure it was throwing all away not to follow it. I fear it is too late now to do any good. I don't think a secession now would have much effect; but it is better than a poor weak attendance, and a despicable opposition. By attending, we shew our weakness and our insignificance. If we absented ourselves, and still kept dining together and writing in the papers, people might have a better opinion of our weight. The novelty might have some effect; and ministers, left quite to themselves in parliament, might be embarrassed. But still, I submit. Indeed, Burke, you are too unreasonable to desire me to be in town some time before the meeting of parliament. You see how very desperate I think the game is; you know how little weight my opinion is of with our friends in the lump (for I exclude

particular friends), and to what purpose can I then meet them? No, let me enjoy myself here till the meeting; and then, at your desire, I will go to town and look about me for a few days. You say the party is an object of too much importance to be let go to pieces. Indeed, Burke, you have more merit than any man in keeping us together; but I believe our greatest bond is the pride of the individuals, which unfortunately, though it keeps us from breaking, hinders us from acting like men of sense. The marquis manages us better than any man can; but he will never make us what we ought to be—the thing is not practicable. I entirely agree with his lordship in his ideas about India affairs, and fear the intelligence you got of the plan of government is but too well founded; at least, I fear they will not miss this opportunity of getting a footing in the affairs of the company. Alack! alack! all is very bad. Adieu, ever most affectionately and sincerely yours,

RICHMOND, &c."

The choice of Burke as member for Bristol, in 1774, was one of the greatest public honours he ever received: such selection was then a very unusual circumstance; it was wholly without application on his own part, and the expense was defrayed by his supporters. "A great man and a great city," says his biographer, "are made for each other; and none but very pressing circumstances should be permitted to separate them;" and though they were eventually disjoined, he seems to have kept not only his friendships warmly alive there, but not a little of his interest. Soon after the conclusion of the election, he thus states to his wife some of the social doings on such an occasion:

"My dearest Jane,—My worthy friend Mr. Buller has just arrived, charmed with your ladyship, pleased with William, in raptures with Sir Joshua Reynolds. I write from Mr. Noble's (of the corporation), who is one of our very best friends, and this day gave us a very handsome dinner, to which the committee and their ladies were invited. Two enemies, I think very willing to be reconciled, were invited also. I begin to breathe, though my visits are not half over. However, I despatch them at a great rate. Two days more will, I think, carry me through most of them. The visits will then be over. The dinners would never end. But we close the poll of engagements next Saturday. That day Richard gives us a dinner at the Bush Tavern, to our committee, but to none else. Little Popham will call on you in town very shortly. He leaves this to-morrow. He has been friendly and serviceable here beyond expression, at much trouble, and at no small expense to himself. He gave us a grand entertainment; by us, I mean the two committees, Cruger's and mine; and invited the sheriffs and several other gentlemen. Now, my dearest Jane, I entertain some glimpse of hope that I shall see you shortly. I am sure I long for it. Sunday morning, with the blessing of God, we go to Bath. That day and the next, or a great part, we spend there. Tuesday we move to Oxford. Richard desires it much; and it is not above fifteen miles out of the way. There you may meet us. But if that cannot be done conveniently, why you will be for certain at Beconsfield, where I do really long to have a quiet day or two. Adieu, my dear Jane; my dearest William, adieu. Embrace my father, Jack and Mrs. Nugent, Joe Hickey, our Knight, and every other friend that wishes us well. God send Haslemere may end as it ought. Adieu, adieu!"

A little before this, Charles Fox writes to

him from one of the scenes of his more dissipated days, Newmarket.

"Dear Burke,—Though your opinions have turned out to be but too true, I am sure you will be far enough from triumphing in your foresight. What a dismal piece of news! and what a melancholy consideration for all thinking men, that no people, animated by what principle soever, can make a successful resistance to military discipline! I do not know that I was ever so affected with any public event, either in history or in life. The introduction of great standing armies into Europe has then made all mankind irreversibly slaves. But to complain is useless, and I cannot bear to give the Tories the triumph of seeing how dejected I am at heart. Indeed, I am not altogether so much so about the particular business in question, which I think very far from being decided, as I am from the sad figure that men make against soldiers. I have written to Lord Rockingham to desire him to lose no time in adopting some plan of operations in consequence of this event. I am clear a secession is now totally unadvisable; and that nothing but some very firm and vigorous step will be at all becoming; whether that or any thing else can be useful, I am sure I do not know. If the ministry were free agents, and had common sense, I think it not impossible but some good might be wrought even out of this evil; I mean, if they were to take this opportunity of making proper concessions. The Duke of Grafton does not despair of this; and, in that view, does not feel as I do about this news; but I believe he is very widely mistaken indeed; and every thing I hear from London supports my opinion: for I am told the exultation is excessive. If you should know, for certain, when Lord Rockingham comes to town, I should be obliged to you if you would let me know by a line directed hither.—Yours ever very affectionately,

C. J. Fox."

We remember hearing one of the most distinguished politicians of the day assert, on the publication of Prior's life, that the book erred in making Burke a more important man with his party than he really was. Something of the same kind we "happen to know" was then said by Lord Liverpool while adverting to the book in his after-dinner conversations. Nay, we think we heard him; and however loath to contend against such authorities, we were not at all convinced of the fact. These volumes prove the biographer to be right. From the letters furnished him by Mr. Hairland Burke, the great nephew of Edmund, and we understand the only near relative now in existence, much information was probably derived, which does not immediately appear; and the fact seems even obvious to an attentive reader of the political history of the time. Opening the second volume at random we stumbled on such a host of applications to him that the catalogue is amusing. The Duke of Richmond writes for a brace of protests for the House of Lords (and it is said that all papers of that description from peers of the Rockingham party between 1767 and 1782 were drawn up by Burke);—the Marquis of Rockingham inquires whether it would be proper to make certain motions, and if so, to sketch a draft of them;—Lords Abingdon and Craven apply to him for a petition, or address, from the county of Berks;—the former peer wishes another for the town whence he derived his title;—Lord Rockingham writes again for an extended political paper, the subject not mentioned, but no doubt on American affairs;—Lord North writes him a private note that American business is coming on in a few

days, and apologises for the shortness of the notice;—Mr. Eden, afterward Lord Auckland, and then in office, submits for his approval two bills for the employment of criminal labour in public establishments, which had been seen only by the prime minister (Lord North) and two of the judges, Sir William Blackstone and Sir William Ashurst;—Mrs. Montagu applies for the honour of being one of his sureties for 40,000*l.* in the event of his becoming chamberlain of London;—Mrs. Dowdeswell writes for an epitaph (given in the biography as well as here) for her husband:—all these in a breath, as if this political Hercules had no limit to his powers of labour; while the Duke of Richmond demands a third protest with so much point, and breathing so keenly the spirit of an *out*, levelled against the *ins*, that we must transcribe it.

"My dear Burke,—We all want a protest. I wished to see you here to-night, and desired C. Fox to beg you to come to me. I send you a mere skeleton, just to point out the line, and beg you will fill it up with good flesh and blood, not forgetting a little acid and gall; it must be temperate and strong, full and short, and finished early. I would give such a work to you alone. Enclosed I send you a letter I have received from Lord Rockingham this instant. I will call on you before ten.—Yours ever,
"RICHMOND."

[To be continued.]

A Commentary on the first Chapter of Genesis; with a short Treatise on Geology, and another on the Deluge. By Thomas Exley, M.A. 8vo, pp. 161. Hamilton, Adams, and Co. THIS is altogether a singular volume, both as regards scripture and science. In his first part Mr. Exley attempts a new reading of the Mosaic account of the creation, and expounds his understanding of the terms "chaos," "firmament" (*raquea*), "heavens" (*shameem*), "created" (*bara*), and "made" (*asah*), the confounding of the last two being particularly insisted on as a pregnant source of error. Mr. E. maintains upon scriptural authority that the earth existed before the time of the Mosaic history, and that it had four defects, by the Almighty removal of which what we call its creation was effected. The electric fluid was, according to his hypothesis, the grand instrument to effect this wondrous change upon chaotic matter. The six days are curiously analysed, and the final implanting of soul in the corporeal matter of man is held to be the consummation of God's work.

The geological treatise is made conformable to these views; and it is contended, that the facts stated by Moses agree with the condition of the crust of our globe and all its deposits and formations. With regard to the Deluge, our author holds that it was caused by the winds, as in Col. Reid's theory, and from this he endeavours to explain all the phenomena recorded in holy writ. The book, as we have intimated, is a curiosity.

The Blackwater in Munster. By J. R. O'Flanagan, Esq. Small 4to, pp. 176. London, How. A PRETTILY and numerously illustrated guide to the manifold beauties of the Blackwater and the picturesque country the scenery of which delights the tourist from Kanturk to Lismore, and from Cappoquin to Youghal and the broad Atlantic. It is written after the manner of Mr. and Mrs. Hall's *Ireland*; and the wood engravings appear to be similar. It abounds in interesting local information, and the traditions and legends are full of Irish character.

The Memoirs of the Conquistador Bernal Diaz del Castillo, written by Himself; containing a full and true Account of the Discovery and Conquest of Mexico and New Spain. Translated from the original Spanish, by J. I. Lockhart, F.R.A.S., author of "Attica and Athens." 2 vols. 8vo. London, Hatchard and Son.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been written and published on this memorable conquest, and especially Mr. Prescott's late valuable History, there is a freshness and spirit in the narration of Diaz which will render it justly popular with every class of readers, be they young or old. It reminds us of the strong hold taken of all intelligent minds by the most interesting of Plutarch's Lives. There is such vigour in the descriptions, such a sincerity and truth about them, like an atmosphere in which the subjects can be best seen, and such simplicity and vivacity throughout, that no inventions of romance ever excelled the strange eventful realities which fill these extraordinary pages.

We could readily occupy many of our columns with extracts to delight our friends, but their very abundance startles us; and we would rather say at once that the whole account is of such unmixt attraction—carries you on with such variety and effect of action—is so singularly racy, and paints the inhabitants of the new world and their invaders in such striking colours—possesses so high a historical value, and is so rich in every kind of information belonging to the circumstances, the country, and the epoch, that the best review of it would be a reprint of the whole, with notes of admiration. What tragedies were acted! what defeats experienced! what revenges taken! Othello's autobiographical sketch of himself and adventures is but a faint type of Diaz's more extended relation, out of which fifty admirable dramas and melo-dramas might be constructed.

The Proceedings of the first Anti-State-Church Conference. Pp. 164. T. Ward and Co.

WILL, we presume, make some stir in the polemical world, as putting in a distinct and tangible shape the dissenting objections to the church of England and its connexion with the state.

Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. A new edit. H. Washbourne.

ONE of the distinguishing marks of these ancient Reliques is, that they never grow old, and that every new edition is welcome. None can tire of such memorials of olden times as present the Muse in all the freshness of nature, when unadorned adorned the most, and with a simplicity and force which has seldom been improved by the exchange for the greater ornament and polish of later times. Still, we have no quarrel with refinement: we only do justice to the touching pathos and noble originality which preceded it.

A Course of English Reading adapted to every Taste and Capacity. By the Rev. James Pycroft, B.A., author of the "Student's Guide," &c. 8vo, pp. 312. Longmans.

A VOLUME which we can conscientiously commend, as marking out a course of historical and general reading from which a vast acquisition of knowledge must result. It takes, however, an ample range, and could not be accomplished within a short compass of time. The arrangement and system are good.

Der Blaubart, &c. Pp. 116. London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A LITTLE volume by H. Apel, calculated to promote an intimate understanding of the German language through the medium of a comic drama. Sixteen pages of critical notes and explanations add to its utility.

A Treatise on the Science of Trade as applied to Legislation. By G. B. Kemp, Esq. Pp. 232. London, J. Madden and Co.

THE grand science of trade we believe (after the dicta of Aunt Margery) to be, to buy as cheap and sell as dear as you can; but in this volume the author treats of higher relations, and discusses the great questions of monopoly, prices, protections, free-trade, rent, and foreign commerce and competition, with great ability. In reference to our colonies, we think the observations particularly clear-sighted.

The History of John Marten: a Sequel to the Life of Henry Milner. By Mrs. Sherwood. Pp. 517. London, Hatchard and Son.

A TALE, in which the early life of a young minister is traced, and it is shewn to what dangerous trials and perverting temptations he is exposed. Some of the characters are ludicrously drawn; for example, a young lady so scientific in botany that she asked if there were any plants of the *aurora borealis* in the hot-house. The main argument is, that without help and blessing from above, ministers, as well as members of their congregations, are helpless, and liable to be led astray.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

QUADRATURE OF THE CIRCLE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—With reference to my communication respecting the squaring of the circle, I beg to state, that my object was to obtain a line approaching to the truth, if not the truth itself, without the aid of calculation. I am aware that by figures the closest possible approximation can be made; but it requires time and some trouble to obtain the area of any given circle.

The length of the base of a square equal in area to the contents of a circle whose diameter is 1, is, as nearly as possible, .886226925452758013649, &c.; and the same ratio will give the area of other circles.

I was anxious to find a method of approximation entirely without the use of figures—near, if not quite, the truth. The geometrical approximation I gave is perhaps one among many that may be found to approach without reaching the truth. The following is a more easy mode of obtaining an approximating chord-line by use of the *radius* alone:—From the left end of the horizontal diameter with radius take a point on the circumference of the circle, and then another point with the same radius on the tangent from the perpendicular diameter to the right. A line drawn from this point to the nearest end of the horizontal diameter will cut a point in the circumference of the circle. From the point thus cut, a chord-line drawn to the further extremity of the horizontal diameter will be equal to the base of a square equivalent to the area of the circle, and will coincide with the angle obtained by calculation, and which makes the length of that chord-line .8862, &c., when the diameter is 1.

I am unwilling to occupy your space further on a subject which can only be interesting to a few persons.—I am, &c.

CHARLES M. WILICH.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ELECTRICITY OF STEAM.

THE experiments of M. Peltier, he thinks, are opposed to the opinions of Faraday and others, who attribute the source of the electricity of steam to the friction of the water against the sides of the boiler or pipe whence the steam issues. M. Peltier, convinced that the electricity is developed only when water is projected with

the steam, and that it is due to the separation of the liquid and of the vapour at the moment of its formation, thought that the progression alone of the producing body, when rapid, would suffice, within certain limits, to exhibit the electric conditions. He states that, passing under the column of vapour rapidly given off from the engine, and elevating an electrometer terminated with a ball of polished copper, he determined that the electric states were evidenced the more considerably the quicker the train travelled; and the more rapidly the column of vapour was thus broken up. When the speed was diminished near the stations, and the column of vapour more united, the development of electricity gradually diminished, and ceased altogether when the train was about to stop. When the atmosphere favoured a greater evaporation, when the surrounding globular vapour was more rare, and the new elastic vapour more considerable, the signs of positive electricity increased; when, on the contrary, the bulk of the column passed over, and semi-transparent globules formed behind the experimenters, the signs of the opaque column were negative. Often, also, when the moisture which fell under the column of vapour wetted the ball of the electrometer, the positive suddenly disappeared, and was replaced by a negative sign. Thus elastic vapour formed in the open air was positive, whilst the drops of water not vapourised, the residue of those which had furnished the vapour, were negative. At the head of the column positive electricity was obtained; at the tail, under the compact column, negative; and, intermediately, both alternately, according to the speed of the train, the quantity of prevailing vapour, the rapidity of evaporation, and the state of the sky. These and other experiments in dry vapour, or the smoke of the chimney, under similar circumstances, disprove, in M. Peltier's opinion, the possibility of the production of the electricity by the friction of the water against the solid sides of the boiler or its orifice.—*Paris Letter*.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

BOTTA'S DISCOVERIES AT CHORSABAD.

Illustrations of the Scriptures.

Constantinople, June 30, 1841.

THE excavations undertaken by M. Botta at Chorsabad, near Nineveh, continue to excite the greatest interest in the European circles of this city. Flandrin, the draughtsman whom the French government sent him, the new pasha of Mossul, and the Turkish commissioner, had all arrived at Mossul two months ago; and the excavations had recommenced. Botta has discovered two gates, each of which is formed on one side by a colossal bull with a human head, and on the other by a human figure with the head of an eagle and wings; which are 15 feet high. These gates lead to a hall 120 feet long, but the breadth of which is not yet ascertained. The only wall yet cleared (that on the south side) is covered with a series of bas-reliefs, which represent the taking of fortresses, battles, &c., with inscriptions in the same arrow-headed characters. The hill on which the palace stood was formerly surrounded with a wall of hewn stones, and bastions, and entirely covered by the splendid edifice the ruins of which Botta is excavating. He has now fifty workmen in his service, and believes that he may complete his task in ten months. Botta's most recent discovery is, that the hill was connected with Nineveh. On the direct road from Nineveh to Chorsabad there is a series of similar hills

covered with fragments of bricks, and marble tablets with inscriptions, which may be presumed to have formerly been the bases of palaces; and it begins to be probable that Chorsabad was a royal palace, situated at the end of the city. In this case, the quadrangle, which at present is still surrounded with a wall, and has generally been taken for the whole city of Nineveh, was probably only the great palace; while the city extended to the hill of Chorsabad, a distance of five caravan leagues: and then we may conceive that the prophet Jonas should wander three days in the city, which could not be imagined with the very moderate extent of the quadrangle on the Tigris, if this had contained the whole city.

We are much surprised here that M. de Bourqueney has not obtained permission from the Turkish government to have the bas-reliefs conveyed to Paris—a permission which the divan has never refused, and which a man possessing such great influence would easily obtain; the more so as the French government, after what it has done for these excavations, highly prizes these relics of antiquity, and justly so, for they are the greatest historical discovery that has been made for a long time. It is not to be believed for a moment that the French government will suffer these antiquities—the only Assyrian ones that have yet been discovered—to be left to be mutilated by the surrounding ignorant population.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT—STATE OF LITERATURE AND LITERARY MEN.

[The bill just brought into the House of Commons by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Greene for regulating international copyrights and the trade in books, has reminded us of the annexed letter on the condition of authors and literature in England by a gentleman of literary distinction to a member of the government; which statement is, we think, well worthy of public consideration. It was written some time before the protection, which was lately obtained for literature was granted, and had we believe very considerable effect in producing that result.—*Ed. L. G.*]

MY DEAR SIR,—It was said very many years ago, that "France is the country for a man of genius to live in, and England for him to die in;" and I know not but that should induce us to suppose that England is less deserving of the reproach now, at least as far as genius employed in literature is concerned. Sculpture, architecture, painting, have encouragement and protection, and receive not only reward but honours. No honours fall to the share of literature; and I believe you will find that the recompense which follows even popularity is at present infinitely small in this pursuit as compared with any other, and is daily decreasing. No one will deny that a certain portion of talent and industry, exerted in any other course, will produce at least ten times the remuneration that it will obtain when exerted in literary pursuits; and I do not scruple to assert that, except under very extraordinary circumstances, no literary man can gain even a decent livelihood in England, unless he sets out with an independent fortune of his own, or has another profession. This fact is proved by the lives of the most eminent men of our own day—Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and others; and although Sir Walter Scott, the solitary instance in which honours were conferred for purely literary merit, did during the incessant labour of a life gain in the whole a sum equal to what thousands of manufacturers make in the course of a few years, we must not forget that he began his literary career totally independent of it as a means of existence, and through life enjoyed large emoluments from his legal and

other offices. Although the subject of mere pecuniary remuneration to literary men is that which I shall principally press upon your notice, in your official capacity, forgive me for touching briefly upon the general state of literature, and the condition of literary men, in addressing one who has proved himself a friend as well as an ornament to letters.

Let me inquire, then, Why is it that literary men are totally excluded in England from all those honourable distinctions which are lavishly bestowed upon the members of every other profession? How is it that the exertion of great abilities, coupled with the best private conduct, can never lead in literary pursuits to fortune, and seldom to competence? How is it that books are dearer in England than in any other country?

All these questions are intimately connected with each other; and I believe that on the answer to the first will greatly depend the view which every one takes of the other two. Some persons will be found to assert, that honours and distinctions have not been granted to literary men, because they are in general too poor to do, what is called, "keep up high station properly;" others will assert, that it is because their private conduct is often bad, and their habits not of a high tone; and others, again, will contend that it is because no benefit would accrue to literature even if such distinctions were bestowed.

I take a very different view, and believe that the two objections urged against literary men are effects, not motives, of the neglect with which they are treated; and I am confident that one of the chief causes of the evil state of literary affairs in England is, that almost every successive government has misappreciated the importance of a sane national literature, and has shewn an utter indifference to the best interests of letters. It is not that ministers have shewn a dislike to literature, it is that they have done worse—have cared nothing about it. They have set the nation a great example of treating it with cold contempt. Even the wisest of them, resting on the glories of the past, looking back to Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, and the rest, have thought it of no importance to insure vigorous efforts in the same course at present. We have no reason to believe that they have doubted, and considered, and pondered, whether honours and rewards, and instant attention to causes of complaint, and active exertions to protect from aggression, are really better for literature than leaving it to fight its own battles and do the best for itself; but it is, that almost all ministers and statesmen in this country have been indifferent to it altogether, have undervalued its importance as a part of the national glory, and have misappreciated its influence upon mankind. Had they not been cold and thoughtless upon the subject, it would have required but little argument to shew, that if honours are good as an encouragement for the physician of the body, they can be no less so to the physician of the spirit; that if they are rightly held out as an inducement to exertion in those who combat our enemies in the field, they are no less requisite for those who wage war against evil and error at home; that if they are fitted for the advocates who plead the causes of individuals in our courts, they are no less fitted for those who advocate the general principles of right, justice, truth, and religion, at the bar of the public opinion. But beyond all denial they have been cold, they have been indifferent. They have not risked the slightest breath of popularity for what is just towards literary men

they have not used one single exertion to render the literature of the country saner, nobler, higher in its tone than it is. They have looked upon men of letters but as poor wretches who contribute nothing to the material part of the productions of the land; who are unworthy of any distinction, and who scarcely even deserve to reap the fruits of their own labour. Thus have their actions shewn that they consider literary men, and depend upon it this conduct has had no slight effect in teaching the country to consider them in the same light also.

Throughout the whole race of man there is an inclination to follow where others lead, and to admire where others admire. Did the government set the example of honouring literary merit, the people would follow that example, and reward it. A general impulsion would be given to letters, and both more books would be bought, and better books would be written. Those who are unwilling to make the experiment may argue till doomsday that such would not be the result, without convincing any rational man that they feel aught but indifference to literature, even while they affect to consider its best interests. In this country the experiment has never been tried; in all those states where it has been tried, the effect has been invariable. You are well aware, I am sure, of the sudden start which literature took in Germany during the last century, and you will find that it was immediately consequent upon great encouragement given to literary men by various German princes. Who can doubt that the increasing care and attention bestowed upon the interests of literature and the importance attached to them in France ever since the reign of Louis XIV. has been the cause, not alone of producing books to be read, but of producing the taste for reading them, so that sums can be given by booksellers in France for works to be sold at a mere trifle, which no London bookseller would dream of giving? Nay more, I must contend that such encouragement has made the works in themselves better; for although various causes have contributed to carry the disorganisation and demoralisation which exists in French society into literature itself, yet we must not forget that with George Sand, Balzac, Sue, and others, we have Salvandy, Guizot, Xavier, Barante, and many more. These men have risen under a particular system, the taste for reading has also risen under that system; and it is not fair to argue that it would not produce more or less the same effects in England, when it has never been tried even in a limited degree. Thus I cannot help feeling that the want of encouragement shewn towards literature in this country by all preceding ministers has proceeded solely from indifference, not from any consideration of prudence, justice, or convenience, and that it has greatly tended to produce those effects which are now put forward as motives for continuing it, by depriving literary men of the hopes that cheer honourable ambition, and the expectations that lead to exertion and insure success.

But I must contend that literature has not only been without encouragement and reward on the part of government, but it has been, and is, without due consideration and protection: and this brings me to consider more immediately my second question, namely, how is it that the exertion of the greatest abilities, coupled with the best private conduct, in literary pursuits can never lead to fortune, and seldom to competence? Of one cause I have just spoken, the utter indifference, during centuries, of government itself towards literature, which has fostered the indifference of the peo-

ple; but another cause is the want of due protection: and this part of the subject is the immediate object of my letter to you.

Although, including her colonies, England greatly exceeds the number of persons able to read that France can produce, yet the sale of books in this country is not one-tenth part of that which takes place in the neighbouring kingdom. This proceeds from three chief causes: 1st, the want of taste for reading; 2d, the extensive foreign piracy of English works; 3d, the high (but I fear necessarily high) price of books in England.

Of the first cause I have spoken already; the second is one of the greatest evils that beset English literature in the present day. Its effects are shewn by the fact that, whereas the number not only of books printed in France, but of copies of each book sold, has greatly increased since the war, as compared with the increase of population, the numbers of copies sold has diminished in England in a lamentable degree. The enemies of literature have asserted that this falling-off has been a consequence of the increased number of literary men; but the falsehood of this assertion is proved by carrying out the comparison with France, where literary men have increased in a far greater proportion, and the sale increased at the same time. It is said, in answer to this, that French works are also pirated to a great extent; but in this point there is no parity between the two countries. France has not one-hundredth part so many subjects non-resident upon her actual soil as England has. The introduction of pirated copies into any part of that kingdom is guarded against with the utmost strictness and severity; so that the piracy of French works supplies not so much Frenchmen, as foreigners who read French; and thus the piracy of British works affects British authors to an infinitely greater extent than the piracy of French works affects French authors. In proof of this, Monsieur Melin, the celebrated printer of Brussels, who reprints every popular French work as soon as it appears, assured me solemnly that he never sent even a single copy of his editions into France.

Thus it appears clear to me that the decrease in the sale of English works since the war is attributable in a great degree to the piracy carried on by foreigners, and to the facilities allowed them of selling these editions to British subjects in all parts of the world, including England itself.

The circumstances under which this nefarious traffic is carried on are as follows. We have a law insuring to every author an exclusive right to publish his own works for a certain period; and the law has been found quite effective against piracy in England. It also extends to insure a copyright to the subjects of friendly powers publishing their works in England, as is proved in the case of Bentley *versus* the piratical publishers of Cooper's works. But a system of foreign piracy has been organised against which we have no defence. Within three days, or four at the most, after the work of a popular author has reached Paris, it is reprinted *verbatim*, and sold at one-sixth of the price. Sometimes, by a juggle with the English printer, this is accomplished even sooner: one of my own romances was reprinted in two days; another edition generally is published in Belgium; two in Germany, sometimes three; and innumerable editions in America.

The number of copies printed in each of these editions is carefully concealed; but at all events it is sufficient in the aggregate to supply not only the English readers and travellers on

the continent and in America, but also all our own colonies, with the exception of India, which is supplied by another piratical publisher in Calcutta itself, named Ruxton. The loss to British authors is enormous; and to remedy this evil a bill was brought in some years ago, and passed, for enabling ministers to treat with foreign powers for an international copyright-law. The intentions of parliament, in this respect, have never been carried out to a satisfactory conclusion; and in the mean while a relaxation of the law regarding the introduction of these pirated editions into England itself, has given the greatest encouragement to the very system of piracy for the prevention of which parliament authorised ministers to treat. By the regulations of the customs, the admission of English works pirated by the subjects of other countries, is strictly prohibited; but a relaxation of this prohibition has been sanctioned by a Treasury-minute, dated 29th June 1830, in virtue of which the Custom-house officers are permitted to pass single copies of all pirated works in the baggage of travellers when imported for their own private use. It is easy to understand the liberal feeling on which this permission was granted; and it was undoubtedly not foreseen by any one that it would be abused to the ruin of popular works by English authors. But what is the result at present? It is, that English authors have not only to contend with foreign piratical printers on the continent and in our colonies, but in England itself. Baudry and Galignani, the great pirates of our works in France, openly advertise that they will supply these publications in England itself at a mere difference in price of shillings for francs; and the introduction of these works is undoubtedly carried on under the favour of the Treasury-minute. This, I repeat, could never be contemplated, I am sure, by those who promulgated the minute. However, the consequence is, that every author loses in proportion to his popularity; and the fraud is increasing to such an extent, that ere long it will be very little worth while to publish our works at all. This will be evident from the following facts. Although immense numbers of our works are sold on the continent and America without our deriving any benefit therefrom, the average sale in England ranges between two and three thousand copies; and the greatest part of these are not purchased by individuals for their own amusement, but by what are called circulating-libraries and book-clubs. It is impossible to ascertain exactly what are the numbers of pirated works brought in for sale to private individuals, under favour of the Treasury-minute, but we can arrive at something like a certainty in regard to the numbers thus purchased for circulating-libraries. In every small town on the coast opposite to France, and for forty miles in the interior, as far as Bath itself, the circulating-libraries are supplied exclusively with the pirated editions, as it is very natural where they can get a work for six shillings which would cost more than thirty in England, they should take means to do so. Thus every courier, every servant, every person who comes to sell fruit, game, or eggs, in short every one of the vast multitude daily passing between France and England, having a right to bring over a single copy of each pirated work, no difficulty can exist in six or seven hundred circulating-libraries supplying themselves with the numbers required. It is calculated that at least seven hundred and fifty copies of each popular work are thus brought over for circulating-libraries. The system, however, is extending daily; and since the direct commu-

nication between London and the continent has so greatly increased, a great many of the small libraries about the capital have, by the same means, been supplied with the pirated editions. The number of works that have been pirated by Baudry and Galignani is now so great (380 volumes) that, according to the price charged for the carriage, about one shilling per volume, it is quite worth their while, when a whole set is ordered, to send over a person expressly to bring it as a part of his luggage.

I have said that it is impossible to ascertain exactly the number imported under favour of the Treasury-minute; but we can quite well arrive at some approximation. The Custom-house officers, satisfied that the revenue does not lose, take no great pains to inquire which, out of a parcel of books paying the highest duty, are pirated English works or not. In the baggage of all travellers they are passed without question; and I myself brought twenty-five copies this year which paid the high duty, but were never marked as English books printed abroad. When they are observed, however, they are weighed separately and registered; and I have obtained the weight thus entered at Dover, from Michaelmas 1840 to Michaelmas 1841 inclusive, amounting to 1568 pounds weight. Each work in three volumes, when reprinted by Baudry in one, weighs about one pound; and thus we find 1568 copies of pirated works reported as entering at Dover. I should be under the calculation if I said that three times the reported number are really entered at that port. But besides that port, at London and Brighton very much larger numbers than at Dover are imported; and at Southampton, Ramsgate, Hastings, Guernsey, and Jersey, a considerable number likewise. On the whole, I feel sure that, taking Dover as a guide, the numbers reported at all the different ports would not amount to less than seventy-two hundred weight, or more than eight thousand copies, and that the real numbers are more than treble those reported. So much for the second cause which I have pointed out as producing a great diminution in the sale of English works.

[We reserve the third cause and concluding remarks of this interesting letter till next week.—Ed. L. G.]

FINE ARTS.

The Bachelor's Own Book. Being Twenty-four Passages in the Life of Mr. Lambkin, Gent. By George Cruikshank.

It is so long since we have had a laugh with honest George—and even a short intermission seems a long time to be left by him to the mere Pleasures of Memory—that we were quite charmed to see his name again upon a frontispiece, and that too to enliven the dull season of the year. We pass the led-by-the-nose hero on the cover to the panoramic frontispiece of a whole circle of life, to more than thrice the number of the famous seven Shakespearian ages. From his *entré* to the final pickling-tub, and guide to health near *Cows*, what a gay and varied career it is! Oh, the love-making, the inconstancy, the refuge in sports and the bottle, the sickness and sorrow, the reformation and wedding, involved in this course,—none but Hogarth or George could have done it! Then come we to the separate cuts. Mr. Lambkin is the type of London conceit. His white-bait dinner is splendidly easy; the consequences the reverse. But we cannot particularise all the fun and characters. The green-room and *corps de ballet*—the police fracas and exhibition—the Hon. D. Swindelle's head—the kind-hearted cabman

—the consultation with the doctor—the water-cure—the grand Mausoleum club—the final happiness—well may it end “Bravo, bravo, bravo,” for it is not only the Bachelor's, but every body's own book!

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE BURNS FESTIVAL.

THE Scotch papers report that this celebration to honour the memory of Burns, and to welcome his sons to the banks of the Doon, went off with great *éclat* on Tuesday last. The procession, masonic and otherwise, to the monument, about three miles from Ayr, with music, banners, &c., extended to several miles, filing off before Lord Eglinton, Prof. Wilson, other members of the committee, and the three sons of Burns. The concourse of spectators was immense; great enthusiasm was manifested; and the whole scene was excessively animated and interesting. At two o'clock, Lord Eglinton took the chair, supported by Mr. Robert Burns, Colonel Burns, Major Burns, &c. Prof. Wilson occupied the vice-chair; there were nearly 2000 ladies and gentlemen present in the elegant pavilion prepared for the occasion. The usual toasts were followed by “the memory of Burns,” after an appropriate address from the chair. The honour was briefly, but feelingly, acknowledged by Mr. Robert Burns. Prof. Wilson then proposed, “Welcome to the sons of Burns,” which he prefaced by an elaborate exposition of the character and genius of the poet; a splendid oration of nearly an hour's length, which raised the auditory to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and the toast was drunk with tremendous applause. The other toasts given were, “The healths of Wordsworth and the poets of England,”—“Moore and the Irish poets,”—“the memories of Scott, Campbell, and Byron,”—“the memories of the Ettrick Shepherd and Allan Cunningham,”—“the land of Burns,”—“the peasantry of Scotland,”—and the usual complimentary ones. The highly delighted company separated about six o'clock.

Of the Iowa Indians—and by far the most Indian Indians we have ever seen—a company of no fewer than fourteen, accompanied by an interpreter, an intelligent-looking African, we think, are now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, under the practised and able direction of Mr. Catlin. They consist of warriors, squaws, a boy about ten, a child, and a papoose; so that we have the representatives of all classes of the Iowa community. Belonging to, or being driven from, the latest State annexed to the Union, and stretching their hunting-grounds far beyond the wilderness of the Upper Missouri, it may readily be supposed that this tribe retains much of its aboriginal character. Their gestures, their dances, and their cries, are accordingly very wild and exhausting; and their personal paintings add much to the savagery of the exhibition. The lower limbs of the men are thin; nor do they appear altogether to possess more than a common average of muscular strength. Among their emblems a hand is conspicuous; and fiery red, yellow, and blue, are the principal colours with which they adorn or disfigure their tawny skins. They are well deserving of a visit; and we trust, by and by, to improve our acquaintance with, and give a more detailed description of, them and their whereabouts. The papoose is by no means so pretty as we hope the Duke of York is; nor are the ladies very captivating to the eyes of pale faces, with the exception of the chief's wife.

The Polka.—We hail the close of the season and the disappearance of the Polka. The mania introduced from Paris by Coulon the dancing-master, soon set all London crazy, and elderly gentlemen were seen, naturally enough, in *pantalon* and *cue de chat*, glissading and balancing as if they wanted to qualify for dancing dervishes. It was a melancholy sight. Even for the young the Polka seems more a dance of display than of enjoyment, and more for the lookers-on than the actors. It does not admit of the grand essential of high life and fashionable ball-room business, viz. a little private and unobserved conversation; and therefore, though a great favourite, and likely to remain an entertaining variety, it does not promise to supersede inventions of approved convenience, under the names of sundry uncivilised nations, including Circassian circles, Russian mazourkas, and Highland reels! Novelty is the secret of the Polka furor; and when well performed,† the appearance of the moustaches and beards breathed upon by the near-approaching lips of beauty seemed most self-satisfied and happy. On the stage, the picturesque costume added considerably to the effect.

THE CONTRAPUNTAL AND MUSICAL REVIEW.

At M. Leopold de Meyer's morning concert, in the Hanover-Square Rooms, we were most struck with the exquisite touch on the pianoforte of the concert-giver, who as a pianist shewed himself to be inferior to none of the modern performers on the instrument.

Meyer's caprice on “Le Carnaval de Venice” was a pleasing composition, and enthusiastically received by the crowded audience. The last piece with which this gentleman favoured us was evidently written to display his utmost powers, and, we admit, fully proved him master of all difficulties; whilst, on the other hand, it evinced a total want of musician-like feeling; and we only wonder that a refined ear like his could sit enraptured amidst such a profusion of tumultuous chords, which were further removed from music than peals of thunder re-echoing from the Lurly-Berg! We were glad to find that the audience felt, in a great measure, disposed to hiss this unattractive though wonderful exhibition of muscular action. This extraordinary composition—the air *Turque* called “Bajazeth”—shews that a musician is most tried when he is performing music of a high order, requiring profound and refined treatment. The true musician will always shine most when executing classical works, whilst the most rapid executants will often play such style of music worse than any other. It is on this account that few of the quicksilver performers indulge the public with classical music, but generally play their own; and although Mozart's compositions for the pianoforte are comparatively easy to execute, yet they are most difficult to perform with delicacy and judgment. It has been often remarked that Mozart's works are now old-fashioned; but, as the celebrated and too-little valued J. B. Cramer observed on one occasion, when that remark was made to him, “Yes, old-fashioned, like the productions of Michael Angelo, which are obvious to every one's senses, but

* “The Ball-room Polka,” &c., pp. 64. D. Bogue. “How to Dance the Polka,” &c., pp. 71. H. Cunningham.

† When not so, it looked eminently ridiculous. We observed one exceedingly active polkaist gallop round about in such a style, throwing up his heels, that, as a sarcastic young lady observed, he seemed aware of his deserts, and was kicking himself all round the room.

not to their understanding." Music, like dress, is, however, a subject of fashion, and therefore the sterling will only be truly estimated in this country when the highest walks in society patronise it, which we are happy to find is now in a great measure becoming general. It was gratifying to see the interest which the Duke of Cambridge took in the oratorio of St. Paul, likewise at Herr Ernst's morning concert, and on many other occasions. Nor is the noble duke the only distinguished character who takes so lively an interest in classical music. But we are digressing from the subject of Meyer's concert; and the next and most worthy performance of the day was F. Moscheles' grand duet for two pianofortes, called "Hommage à Handel," a composition of great merit, and one in all respects worthy of the author. Both Moscheles and M. de Meyer performed this duet to perfection; nor did we value Moscheles less when placed by the side of Meyer, but, on the contrary, were much struck with his manly and polished performance.

The engaging Madame Caradori Allan sang Mozart's beautiful aria, "Deh, per questo," very well indeed; only we think the immortal composer never requires the grace of others to ornament his inspired melodies. Mozart's melodious cadences are always in keeping with the composition; and by introducing new ones, the grand feature of his thoughts is disunited or destroyed. His accompaniments always partake of a character adapted to every melodious conception, and any additional matter thrown in to suit the pleasure or convenience of an interpreter of his music must always prove foreign and unartificial. Had Moscheles, who accompanied this song so admirably, taken liberties with Mozart, we should have been disposed to think that he felt it easier to play his own than interpret another's thoughts. We hope, then, that vocalists will be guarded; for too often we find that their innovations are made to cover defects, particularly in taste.

We close the present article by observing, that John Sebastian Bach's works have been the greatest achievement of art this season. Notwithstanding the mechanical defects of instruments, and the restricted executive powers of professors who lived in the time of Bach, yet his music is now more difficult, novel, and noble, than all the compositions written either before or after him.

THE DRAMA.

The Haymarket Theatre closed on Wednesday with a richly deserved bumper-benefit to Mr. Webster. In a sensible address, he stated that his season had lasted above four hundred nights, and been profitable to him; and, thanking the public for its patronage, took his leave till the 30th of September.

Princess's.—A highly successful season at this house was brought to a termination on Saturday last with a benefit for the choral department; which, we are glad to say, was very fully attended. The manager, we hear, has already commenced making arrangements for his next campaign; and if he follow up his future seasons with as much activity as he has displayed during that just past, he need have no fear as to the result.

Lyceum.—Monday will be remembered, in the history of the Lyceum, as the night on which was produced a most faithful and burlesque version of *Aladdin*, with scenery, machinery, and decoration that would stand comparison with the highest efforts of higher houses. It is, we hear, from the pen of Mr. Albert

Smith; and is written in an easy, racy, off-hand style, full of puns—good, bad, and indifferent—with occasional raps at the follies of the day, and piquant allusions to topics of the times. *Aladdin* found a funny representative in Mrs. Keeley; the *Magician* another in her husband; and all the other important personages in the tale, in various members of the company. It was altogether capitally acted, dressed, put upon the stage, and received; and will assuredly fill the house and the treasury for a long time to come: and this will be no more than it should do, for it is as sprightly a burlesque as can possibly be imagined.

Strand.—The version of the *Wonderful Lamp* so popular at the Princess's Theatre has been transplanted, with its principal performers,—Wright, Paul Bedford, and Miss Emma Stanley,—to the little theatre in the Strand; and does not appear to suffer from its removal and change of climate. It is very spiritedly put upon the smaller stage.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

I SHOULD like so to be happy, quite happy, and at rest,
As the bird that folds its wings at last within its hidden nest,
And I wish so we could always dream of blessed joy
And peace
Till the sleep of life's long night is o'er, and all its fevers cease.
Ofttimes we say, in childlike glee, "I shall be happy now,"
But the words are scarcely utter'd ere the cloud is on the brow:
A bitter tone, a thought of grief, brings sad tears to the eye,
And we say there is no rest for us, no rest until we die.
The present hour, the present hour, though sunny it may be,
Hath shadows for the thoughtful mind it cannot help but see;
And we feel the pall thrown o'er the dead—we stand beside the grave,
When the flower and gem are shining round the beautiful and brave.
Oh, what is life, and love, and hope, and pleasure, pain, and grief,
While the spectre of mortality stands out in such relief!
If it were not for another world, how dreary were the dower
Of thought, that will not let the heart make this its undim'd bower!

EMMA B.

VARIETIES.

Electric Telegraph.—Through the medium of this beautiful apparatus, the inhabitants of the metropolis were, on Tuesday morning, within an hour after the event, put in possession of the gratifying intelligence of the birth of a prince, and of the well-doing of the royal mother and infant. The speed of conveyance and of communication were, on this occasion, truly astonishing—a distance of eighteen miles travelled over in fifteen minutes—an announcement transmitted in about the same number of seconds.

Art-Unions.—On the expectation that the Art-Union prizes in London (as well as elsewhere) will be forthwith drawn and distributed, we understand that the Royal Academy has retained four hundred saleable pictures in this Exhibition, to be ready for any demand of the fortunate holders.

Medical Reform.—A system of centralisation is proposed for the government of the medical profession, according to a bill introduced into the House of Commons on Wednesday by the Home-secretary. Instead of the various licensing authorities now in existence, there is to be a permanent board, of eighteen members, sitting in the metropolis, which will exercise a control over the present bodies, and through

whom the laws and rules for practice will be dispensed over the 30,000 professional men constituting the medical force of the country.

Siamese Skylarks.—The *Dumfries Courier* states that in a skylark's nest near Castle Douglas two young birds have been found connected together, like the Siamese twins, by a ligament covered with feathers, and so far apart, from breast to breast, as to allow of their using their inner wings in flying.

Increase of Gold.—The gold obtained from the Oural Mountains within the last year amounts to above four millions sterling! Supposing such a supply to be continued and spread gradually over Europe, must it not produce a wonderful effect upon the gold standard of value, and the relative values of the precious metals? As great as the glut of silver after the discovery of South America!

The Earl of Mountnorris, known to the literary world by his travels as Lord Valentia, and many other productions of value and character, and also by his attachment to literature throughout his long life, died last week at his seat, Arley-hall, Staffordshire, aged 85.

The Hon. J. Erskine Murray, of the ancient family of Lord Elibank, a gentleman of great enterprise, and the author of an interesting work of travel, has been unhappily slain in a conflict with the natives of Borneo, whither he had gone with two vessels to establish a friendly and commercial intercourse with these jealous savages.

The Mormon Impostor.—Joe Smith of Nauvoo has met with a not unmerited, though certainly cruel and dishonourable death. Being inveigled into the Illinois state to stand some trial by law, under the assurance of protection from the governor, he, his brother, and eight companions, were thrown into prison, and there murdered, being shot to death by a mob of about two hundred Lynchers with their faces blackened, &c., as soon as the governor had turned his back.

Enigma.

'Tis a sweet word, yet they who love
Ne'er wish to hear it spoken;
It breathes a gracious prayer above,
Yet many a heart has broken;
It is the latest parting token
Friend gives to friend, lover to lover;
And if with this
A last long kiss

Be given, even parting is made sweet.
Absence less bitter, time to pass quicker over,
Until again they meet.

Yet 'tis a melancholy word;
Blest they by whom 'tis seldom heard!
For oft it wrings the heart with pain;
And, like the night-wind on the lute,
Makes what before was hush'd and mute
Into a wild and mournful strain:
It should be ever sad, and yet
There are who hear it and forget;
But oh! how they who never more
Can hope to meet as they have met,
These last low accents linger o'er,
To feel a long and vain regret!

Arrochar.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Prof. Foggi, of the University of Pisa, announces, in Italian, an important work upon the Poetry of the Bible, upon which he has been engaged for several years, and which presents a development of the complete metrical system of Hebrew poetry, as well as the hitherto undiscovered poetical nomenclature which was employed by the ancient rhetoricians of the people of Israel.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of a Voyage to Madeira, Tenerife, and along the Shores of the Mediterranean, by W. R. Wilde, 2d edit. enlarged, 8vo, 18s.—Coloured Illustrations of British Birds, with the Eggs of each Species, and descriptive letter-press, by H. L. Meyer, Part I. fol. 8s. 6d.—The Zoology of the Voyage of the Erebus and Terror, under the command of Capt. Sir J. C. Ross, edited by J. Richardson and J. E. Gray, Part II.,

IOWAY INDIANS.

UNPARALLELED EXHIBITION EACH DAY OF THIS WEEK.—The party of Fourteen IOWAY INDIANS, with their Interpreter, from the Upper Missouri, near the Rocky Mountains in America, having arrived in London, are giving their NATIVE DANCES, Songs, Games, &c., in CATLIN'S INDIAN COLLECTION, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Their modes and their history fully explained by Mr. Catlin, from the platform. This is the party which has been drawing such vast crowds to see them while in New York, and they are accompanied by the Head Chief of the Tribe, "The White Cloud." The party consists of every grade of Chiefs, Medicine Men, Warriors, Women, and Children, in splendid costumes, the youngest of which is only six months old, and carried upon its mother's back in the cradle. The public will easily decide that these are by far the wildest and best representations of the Red Men of America ever seen in England; and their stay in London at present must be limited to a very short time, as they are on their way to the Continent.

Each day of this week, the hours from Half-past Two to Four in the day, and from Half-past Eight to Ten evening. Doors open half an hour previous.—Admission, One Shilling.

SILICA COLOURS and GLASS MEDIUM.

"Our attention having been directed, not only by Mr. Miller of Long Acre, the inventor, but by four or five artists, to several pictures in the present Exhibition, painted with his 'Colours and Medium,' it is our duty to remind the many who are interested in the subject, of the wisdom of ascertaining for themselves whether its value is really what it is said to be. Of the remarkable brilliancy of pictures painted with it, there can be no question; let any person examine No. 43, the portraits of Mr. Say and Mrs. Robertson, now on the walls of the Royal Academy, and all doubts on this head will be removed. Of its enduring qualities we have also had several proofs—one a few days ago of a 'Parsee Gentleman,' the work of Mr. Say, which we recollect in the Exhibition three years back. An inquiry concerning this matter is a proper one for the Institute of the Fine Arts; they should appoint 'their commission,' and report upon the subject to their professional brethren. We hope the suggestion will be acted on. We are bound to say that Mr. Miller courts the closest investigation, and is anxious to receive a verdict after trial. It is only right to add, that the artists with whom we have conversed describe the 'Colours and Medium' in terms of high and enthusiastic praise."—*Extract from the Art-Union of June, 1844.*

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ART-UNION of LONDON.

By AUTHORITY of PARLIAMENT.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the GENERAL MEETING of SUBSCRIBERS, to receive the Committee's Report, and for Report, and Distribution of the amount subscribed for the purchase of Works of Art, will be held in the Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane (by the kind permission of Alfred Bunn, Esq.), on TUESDAY next, the 15th inst., at 11 for 12 o'clock precisely.

His Royal Highness the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE, President, in the Chair.

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July 31, 1844.

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